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MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS

EXCALIBUR

FEATURING:

MEGGAN

IN THE KITCHEN OF DEATH



PLUS 3
OTHER ALL
NEW
FEATURES!

MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS™

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EXCALIBUR "HAVING A WILD WEEKEND" 1

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BLACK PANTHER "PANTHER'S QUEST" 9

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COLDBLOOD "RISE AND SHINE" 17

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CAPTAIN AMERICA "PAST AND PRESENT SINS" 25

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LETTERER — Janice Chiang
COLORIST — Marcus McLaurin

"LIKE A HOUSEWIFE" — PART 4 OF 8

Sure, she's seen them before, but never in her darkest nightmares did she expect to encounter them face to face—or to become part of the family!

Face it! For Meggan things have just gone from mad to worse.

"SAYING GOODBYE" — PART 22 OF 25

Minister of Security, Dooke Ribbeck, and Sergeant Van der Merwe have discovered the Black Panther's Sonar Glider.

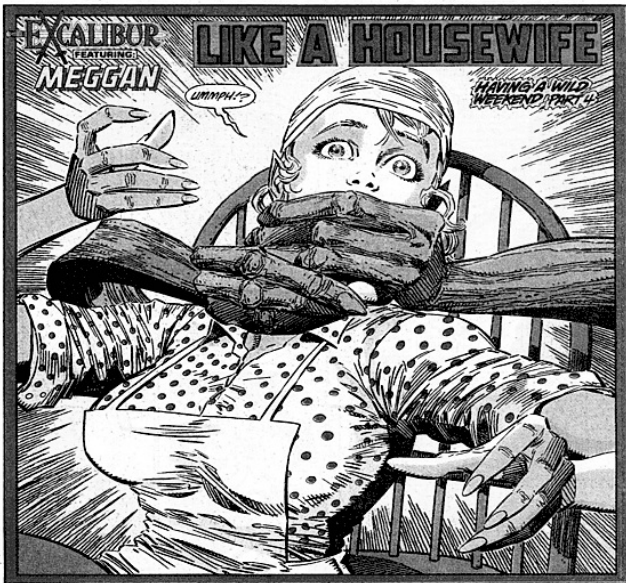
T'Challa, the King of the Wakandas, fights valiantly to reclaim the fantastic air craft, knowing it can take him to Devil's Peak where his quest to find his mother might finally end. But during the melee to get the glider back, the man he has forged a deep friendship with, Zanti Chikane, is shot by Van der Merwe.

"THE BATTLEFIELD" — PART 9 OF 10

Attempting to rescue Gina Dyson from the clutches of mad Mako, Coldblood finds his former testing maze converted to a deadly obstacle course. Worse, Mako has seized radio-control of Coldblood's internal computer, inducing a bizarre form of schizoid madness. Trusting nothing he sees (or nothing his computer forces him to think he sees), Coldblood assumes a destroyed robot is actually Gina Dyson, now dead. Then he is further convinced that the real Gina (freed by Charles, a fellow rebel against Mako) is nothing but another trick, and probably a robot assassin...

In 1941, the spectre of war hovers close at hand and an array of heroes arises to defend the nation. By 1989, World War II is long over for the nation's super-soldier, Captain America. But for some, the war will never end...

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EXCALIBUR
FEATURING
MEGGAN

LIKE A HOUSEWIFE

HAVING A WILD WEEKEND PART 4



OKAY, IF YOU INSIST, BUT WE HAVE OTHER WAYS OF MAKING YOU TALK!





WHOW! AT LEAST
I'M SAFE NOW!



AW, DON'T WORRY
NONE ABOUT HER.

WHAT
NOW?

OH, DEAR!
FREDDY'S
HOME
ALREADY!

YEAH, WHAT
A RAY!

IT'S BEEN
BLOODY
MURDER!

YOU DO US
PROUD, SON! IF
ONLY YOUR COUSIN
MEGGAN'S BEHAVIOR
WERE AS EASY TO
UNDERSTAND.

AW, SHE'S PROBABLY
JUST SEEN HERSELF
IN A MIRROR FOR
THE FIRST TIME.
IT WOULD BE ENOUGH
TO SCARE ANYONE!

ELSEWHERE...

I STILL HAVEN'T FIGURED OUT ALL
THE RAMIFICATIONS OF WHAT I'M
DOING, BUT IT'S BOUND TO BE HAVING
SOME EFFECT ON THE
REST OF THE TEAM.

AND...

SNIPOOP

MEANWHILE...

PING PANG

I'LL
GET
IT.

DARN! DA FING
BEAT ME TO
IT AGAIN!

SAME OLD STORY,
EH, TWIT?

WEEEP NOW WEEEP NOW WEEEP NOW!

RIGHT! IF SHE'S
SO UNPOPULAR,
WHY ARE ALL
THE CALLS
ALWAYS FOR HER?





AFTER ALL, WE WOULDN'T WANT TO LUPSET HER MOTHER! SHE'S GOT SUCH A FIERY DISPOSITION!



OH, DEAR!

TOO LATE!



I'VE HEARD EVERYTHING THAT'S.S.S BEEN GOING ON!

I SSSSHALL TAKE CARE OF MY OWN DAUGHTER!

YOUR WHAT?!



I HAVE NO IDEA WHO OR WHAT YOU ARE, AND I AM CERTAINLY NOT YOUR DAUGHTER!

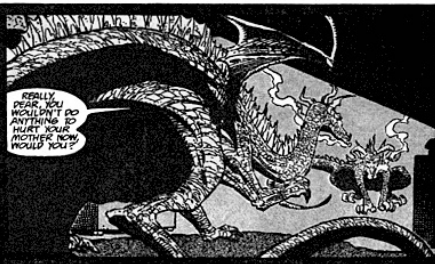
I HAVE NOTHING WHATSOEVER IN COMMON WITH YOU!

OH, NO?



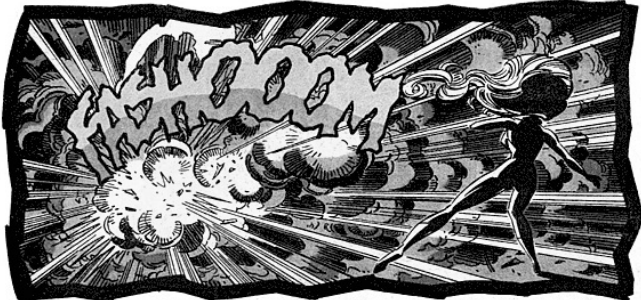
EEFEEPEEP!

NOW, MOMMY DEAREST - IT'S YOUR TURN!



REALLY, DEAR, YOU WOULDN'T DO ANYTHING TO HURT YOUR MOTHER NOW, WOULD YOU?





PANTHER QUEST

PART XXII

STARRING: BLACK PANTHER

"Having never owned a comic book in my life, I tirelessly read them over and over again, the parts I could understand. Such voracious reading was like anesthesia, numbing me to the harsh life around me. Soon comic books became the joy of my life, and everywhere I went I took one with me: to the river, to a soccer game, to the lavatory, to sleep, to the store and to school, where I would hide it under the desk, reading it furtively when the teacher was busy at the blackboard, and getting canded each time I was found out."

---From Merik Mathabane's autobiography
of growing in Apartheid South Africa,
"Kaffir Boy," 1986,
Published by New American Library

ZANTI CHIKANE
STARES UPWARD,
SEWILDERED.



HE SHOULD SEE
NIGHT-SKY, FULL
OF BECKONING
POSSIBILITIES
AND DANGEROUS
CHALLENGES.

-- BUT THERE APPEAR
TO BE COMIC BOOKS
REPLACING SKY.

HOW WONDERFULLY ODD!

IT DID NOT MATTER MUCH THAT ALL COMIC BOOK STORIES OCCURRED IN LANDS FAR AWAY; HE HAD LOVED THEIR COLOR AND URGENCY.

THE MAGICAL HEROES TOUCHED HIM PROFOUNDLY, BUT, IN TRUTH, HE HADN'T READ ONE IN YEARS.

YOU GROW OLDER AND SOMEHOW COMIC BOOKS SEEM TO DISAPPEAR.

HE WOULD HOLD THOSE COMICS TO HIM, BUT SURE ENOUGH, THEY EVAPORATE...

--THE VIVID, IMPOSSIBLE HEROICS UNACHIEVABLE.

THE SKY IS BACK, AND SO IS THE NIGHT, AND WITH IT PAIN FILLED WITH DANGEROUS POSSIBILITIES, AND ZANTI REALIZES HE IS WOUNDED.

THE COMIC BOOK VISION IS A THROWBACK TO A TIME WHEN THEY GAVE HIM STUBBORN HOPE AND STRANGE INSPIRATION.

ZANTI'S EYES FOCUS. HE IS ON HIS BACK, IN THE WAIR, STICKS OF IT CRUSHED BENEATH HIM, GOLDEN SHOTS STAINED WITH RED.

HIS BLOOD!

HE IS NOT QUITE SURE WHERE THE BULLETS HIT HIM, BUT NOW HE IS AWARE OF THE WARM GUSH OF BLOOD--

--AND THERE SEEMS A
FRIGHTENING AMOUNT
OF IT, SOME OF IT COOL-
ING AS IT SPREADS
ACROSS HIS CHEST.

BLOOD--FEAR--
STRONG, DEEP AND
VITAL SURGES
THROUGH HIM.

HOW BAD
ARE HIS
WOUNDS? FATAL?

HE HEARS A ROARING.
DEATH COMING FOR HIM
WITH A SNREDDING
OF WIND?

NO, THE LANGUAGE
OF VARIOUS MODERN
WEAPONRY--

--EMPHATICALLY
DESTRUCTIVE.

NOT DEATH ROARING AT HIM, BUT MISSILES
SEEKING TO BRING T'CHALLA DOWN.

A DIRECT HIT AND THE
SOMER GLIDER WILL BE
DOWNED, IN FIERY,
TWISTED WRECKAGE.

IT WOULD BE HARD
TO FIND T'CHALLA'S
BODY, ALIVE OR DEAD,
IN THE BLAZING
COFFIN.

POW POW KPOW

THE SOLDIERS ARE IGNORING HIM,
AS IF HE IS ALREADY DEAD--

--AS IF HE IS
NON-EXISTENT--

POW

POW

POW

--AS IF HE NEVER
MATTERED!

HE WANTS THESE SOLDIERS,
THESE ARMED STRANGERS,
ESPECIALLY THE UNIFORMED
MAN WHO SHOT HIM--

--TO HEAR
HIS NAME.

**K-POW
POW POW**

I
am
Zanti!
Chikare



VAN DER MERWE IS
MYSTIFIED BY THE
KAFFIR'S SCREAMING.
THE MAN IS APPARENTLY
SCREAMING WORDS--

--BUT HE
CAN'T MAKE
OUT WHAT
THE WORDS
ARE.

NO MORE
STANDING
BY--



HE SAW THE
FIGURE GO
DOWN IN
BULLETS AND
BLOOD-SPRAY.



YOU ARE EITHER
ONE GUTSY MAN
OR A MANIAC,
KAFFIR--

--BUT WHICH-
EVER, MOST
DEFINITELY--



I AM
ZANTI
CHIKONE

--AND I
WILL NOT
KILL THIS
GOOD MAN



THE GREAT BLACK CAT ADJUSTS FOR
THE SLIGHT TILT OF THE WINGSPAN--

--SURE-FOOTED AND READY
FOR THE SHOCK WHEN HIS
ARM ENCLOSES ZANTI.

IT WOULD NOT DO
TO FALL OFF--HAS
HAVE THE GLIDER
CONTINUE ON ITS
WAY ON AUTO-
MATIC PILOT.

GREAT CATS DO
NOT EMBARRASS
EASILY, BUT A
BUMBLINGLY
FOILED RESCUE...
THAT WOULD
DO IT.

NEED A
RIDE?

SWACK

TO ANY-
PLACE
BUT HERE.

HOW ABOUT CLOSE
TO HOME... ON THE
OUTSKIRTS OF THE
TOWNSHIP?

SOOOO
COULD
SOUND
BETTER.

DOES RIEBEECK TRY TO FIGURE OUT WHAT IS
WRONG WITH HIS HAND, CAN IT REALLY BE
ATTACHED UPRISIDE-DOWN?

LIGAMENTS TORN, BONES
SNAPPED. LOOK! ONE PRO-
TRUDING FROM HIS WRIST--

--PEEKING
BLOODILY
AT HIM.

HE SHOULD ASK VAN DER MERWE
IF THE MAIMING OF A SUPERIOR
WILL INFLUENTIATE HIM AS MUCH
AS THE BROKEN RIBS OF AN
ENLISTED MAN.

OOOPS.

LOOKS LIKE
THE ONLY
THING VAN
DER MERWE
WILL BE IN-
FLUENTIATED
ABOUT IS
LOTS OF
MOUTH
SURGERY.

BEYOND THE SHELTER OF BLUE-GUM TREES, THE TOWN IS DUSTY MUTE.

ONE WOULD HARDLY KNOW IT IS THERE.

NO ELECTRIC GLOW TO ANNOUNCE ITS EXISTENCE.
JUST THE SMELLS OF HUMAN POVERTY. TOO
MANY PEOPLE CRAMMED TOGETHER IN CORRUGATED
ZINC LIVING QUARTERS.

BEFORE WE PART,
I WANT YOU TO
TAKE THIS.

I DO NOT HELP
YOU FOR REWARD.

I KNOW
THAT. DO IT
FOR ME. I
WILL ALWAYS
FEEL GUILTY
IF YOU DO
NOT ACCEPT.

YOU SHOULD FEEL GUILTY.
LOOK AT ME...NOW
I'M BLEEDING.

I DO NOT LIKE
IT MUCH. TO YOU,
THIS MIGHT LOOK
MINOR...LIKE
SCRATCHES.

YOU! YOU GET BEATEN... TORN UP... SET A FLAME...
AND YOU COME BACK FOR MORE.

BEFORE I WAS SHOT,
I KNEW YOU WERE
CRAZY. NOW THAT
I FEEL WHAT
BULLETS
DO...

... EACH TIME
THE HEART
BEATS IT PUMPS
OUT NEW BLOOD.
DID YOU KNOW
THAT?

OF COURSE,
YOU DID.

WHO HAS MORE EXPERIENCE IN
BEING WOUNDED? SILLY QUESTION
FOR ME TO ASK.

YOU WERE REALLY SOME-
THING BACK THERE.

I WAS.
WASN'T
I?



KISS MIRIAM FOR ME.



YOU NEVER MET HER.

I REGRET THAT.



PERHAPS... SOME DAY... IF OUR LAND EVER FINDS JUSTICE --

-- SOME MEASURE OF SHARING --

-- SOME PEACE IN THE MIDST OF ITS WEALTH, POVERTY AND BEAUTY... MAYBE WE COULD VISIT YOUR COUNTRY.

I WOULD LOVE TO SEE IT.



BUT THEN, WAKANDA IS A DIFFICULT PLACE TO FIND, ISN'T IT? I SUPPOSE YOU DO NOT HAVE A BIG TOURIST BUREAU.

OUR ECONOMY IS NOT DEPENDENT ON TOURISM... BUT YOU WOULD NOT BE A TOURIST, ZANTI, BUT AN HONORED FRIEND.



AND WHILE SOME OF MY PEOPLE MIGHT VIEW AN ENTICING TOURIST BROCHURE WITH DUBIOUS EYE--

-- IF YOU OR YOUR FAMILY EVER DECIDE YOU DO WANT TO COME, IT IS NOT HARD TO DO SO.

CONTACT THE WAKANDAN EMBASSY IN NEW YORK, OR WASHINGTON, D.C. GIVE THEM YOUR NAME, OR MIRIAM'S.



YOUR NAMES WILL ALWAYS BE RECOGNIZED WHILE I LIVE, AND NO MATTER WHERE I AM --

-- WHEN WORD FROM MY REPRESENTATIVES REACHES ME, I WILL ALWAYS COME BACK FOR YOU.



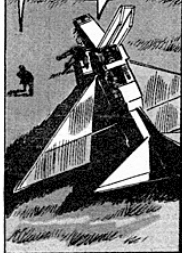
THAT IS... IF I SURVIVE WHAT AWAITS ME AT DEVIL'S PEAK.

AND IF I SURVIVE WHAT IS HAPPENING DAILY IN THE TOWNSHIPS IN MY COUNTRY.

I KNOW, I WISH THERE WAS A WAY FOR ME TO PROMISE YOUR SAFETY.

THERE ISN'T.

AS I SAID, I REALIZE THAT.



STILL, THERE ARE PEOPLE LIKE YOU AND MIRIAM.

YES, WHO MUST FIGHT FOR HOPE AND REASON.



I WILL MISS YOU, ZANTI.

ONLY THE PEOPLE RESISTANT TO CHANGE AND EQUANIMITY CAN STOP THE CARNAGE. THE CHANGE IS INEVITABLE, FOR CHANGE IS A PART OF LIFE--



-- BUT IN THIS CASE, THE *BEST* ONE CAN HOPE FOR IS THAT CHANGE WILL OCCUR WITH THE *LEAST* AMOUNT OF BLOODSHED

BUT MANY VOICES WILL HAVE TO BE *HEARD*... WILL HAVE TO BE *RAISED*... BEFORE ANY OF THEM CAN OR WILL LISTEN.



YOU SAID IT YOURSELF... WHEN YOU WERE SURROUNDED BY THE COMRADES TOO MANY PEOPLE *POSITIVE* THEY ARE RIGHT, AND BECAUSE OF THAT--

--ARE CONVINCED IT GIVES THEM THE RIGHT TO IMPRISON, ASSAULT, TEAR APART FAMILIES, MAIM...



...AND KILL!

I HATE TO ADMIT IT, AS MUCH PAIN AS YOU HAVE BROUGHT ME, YOU HAVE ALSO HELPED ME LEARN MANY *VALUABLE* THINGS.



YOU MADE ME REALIZE MY VOICE MUST BE HEARD, I DO NOT WANT TO DIE, YOU CAN BE CERTAIN--



-- BUT I WILL NO LONGER LIVE SILENT.

I...

I WILL MISS YOU ALSO, T'CHALLA.

GOOD-BYE, ZANTI.





"...BECAUSE SHE AND THE GOLDBLOOD CYCLOPS ARE LIKE THE CHARACTERS IN THAT OLD MOVIE, ON THE ISLAND WHERE MUTANTS ARE THE MOST PRIZED FREAK."

"THEY'VE GIVEN ME A NEW TOY-- MADE ME THE PRIME PLAYER IN THIS FIRST DANCE OF THE MIND GAME."

"SHE IS LYING! BELIEVE HER!"

"THAT'S MAKO BEHIND US?"

"GO, GOLDBLOOD! WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST-- WITH NO CONFUSION, NO HESITATION!"

"HIS HOLOGRAM, YES..."

GOLDBLOOD IN:
RISE AND SHINE

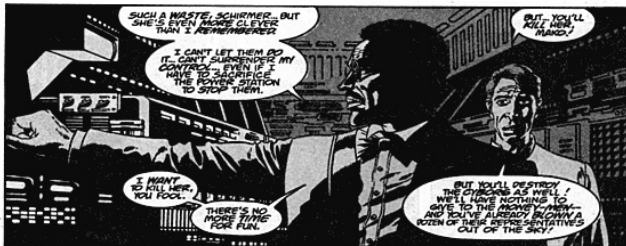
Chapter IX
THE
BATTLEFIELD

"HE'S GOT THIS WALLED CITY CRAMMED WITH ROBOTS AND BOOBY TRAPS..."

"--AND AS LONG AS HE'S IN CONTROL OF THEM, WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE!"

"--THE POWER STATION... DEAD AHEAD!"

"WE'VE GOT TO CUT HIS CONTROL AT THE SOURCE..."



THE GENERATOR
IS JUST AHEAD!



HERE! BURN OUT THIS JUNCTION
BOX--BUT NOT THE CABLES! WE'LL
NEED THE POWER LATER FOR
OURSELVES!





--GIVE YOU TEN MINUTES TO REACH THE LIBRARY-- THEN I'LL PULL THESE CABLES AND SHOOT OUT EVERYTHING FOR ONE LAST DIVERSION.



A COLLEAGUE-- ALSO NO LONGER ON MAKO'S SIDE...



...HE RISKED HIS LIFE TO FREE ME-- TOOK MY PLACE-- AND NOW WE'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM.

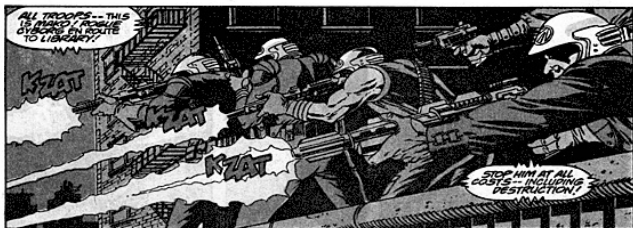


SHE WAS RIGHT-- THE ROBOTS ARE LOCKED IN MID-STEP-- AND YOU'VE FINALLY STOPPED RATTING COMPUTER.



MAKO LOST CONTROL OF EVERYTHING, INCLUDING ME, WHEN YOU CUT THE POWER.







"THE HUMAN ONES ARE CAPABLE OF FEAR AND OCCASIONAL DISOBEDIENCE, DESPITE THE STRICTEST TRAINING AND DISCIPLINE."

"THERE IS ALSO THE MATTER OF FUGALITY."

IN THE FACE OF NINE TANKS, HOWEVER, EVEN A CYBORG CANNOT HOPE TO--



WHAT THE--? WHAT'S HAPPENING, COMPUTER?

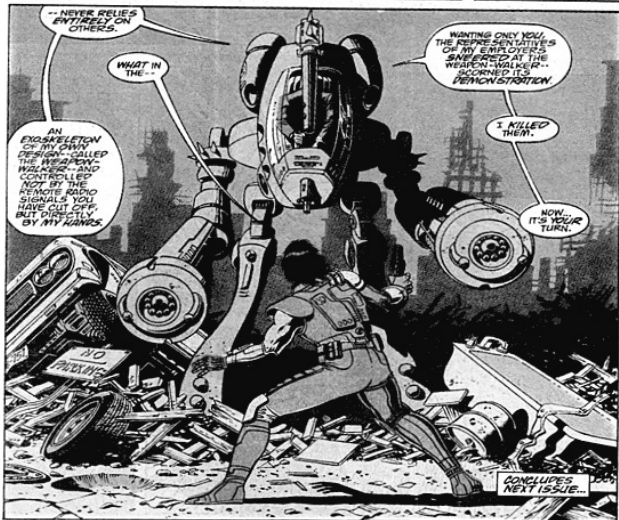
FEELS LIKE THE WHOLE PLACE IS GOING UP!

PWOOM

WE ARE BEING SAVED BY THE SHORTING OF MARK'S CITY-WIDE BOOBY TRAPS...

"IT APPEARS, COLDBLOOD THAT OUR CYBORG HAS PATCHED THE CABLES. HER TEN MINUTES' NAVYING EXPIRED."





THEY CALL ME CAPTAIN AMERICA --
"AMERICA'S SUPER-SOLDIER," "THE GREATEST
MAN OF ACTION THE COUNTRY'S EVER SEEN".



CAPTAIN AMERICA IN PAST AND PRESENT SINS







PROBLEM WAS, WHEN I DID GO BACK, I FOUND A SURPRISE!

KALAHIA'D BEEN DESTROYED-- WIPED OUT BY AXIS V-2 ROCKETS!



FIGURED I HAD TO AVENGE THE PLACE SOME WAY, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW HOW. THEN I CAME BACK TO THE STATES AND FOUND THE C.F.A. JUST STARTING UP.

THEY LOVED THE IDEA OF AN AGENT WHO COULD SLIP UNDER DOORS AND SUCH, SO WE MADE A DEAL--

--I'D WORK FOR THEM, AND THEY'D LET ME USE THEIR SOURCES TO TRACK DOWN WAR CRIMINALS.

THIS FILE GOT DECLASSIFIED A COUPLE MONTHS BACK. YOU REMEMBER AGENT AXIS?



YEAH, WELL, HE'S IN THE STATES NOW, GOT SMOGGED IN AFTER THE WAR-- BY THE C.F.A.!

WHAAT? YOU'RE JOKING!

NODE, HAPPENED OTS OF TIMES... AS YOU MUST WELL KNOW.

ONCE THE RUSSKANS WERE THE ENEMY AGAIN, THE C.F.A. WOULD'VE BARGAINED WITH HIMSELF TO GET INFORMATION ON THEM!

AXIS CALLS HIMSELF SCHMIDT NOW.

LIVES HERE.



WELCOME TO QUEEN'S, CAL.







IT ALMOST LOOKED FUNNY, BUT DICKSON WAS SMOKING AGENT AXIS 1 AND AXIS 2 WAS LITERALLY TEARING DICKSON APART!

I HAD TO DO SOMETHING--

--BUT WHICH ONE SHOULD I HELP?

IT WAS REFLEX, REALLY. I JUST DID WHAT I'D DONE SO MANY TIMES BEFORE.

I HIT AGENT AXIS--

--AND NEVER ONCE CONSIDERED THE CONSEQUENCES.

CRACK



WELL THAT'S THAT.

DICKSON TOLD ME WHAT HE'D FOUND IN THE FILE -- HOW KALAMIA HAD PLANNED TO TURN IT INTO HIS OWN PERSONAL KINGDOM WHEN THE WAR WENT SOUR.

...AND NOW HE'D DESTROYED IT WHEN THE KALAMIAS DIDN'T GO ALONG.

I WANT TO THANK YOU, CAP. HE WOULD'VE KILLED ME WITHOUT --

BUT STILL I WONDER...
NO MATTER WHAT HIS CRIMES, WERE YOU JUST MURDERED A MAN?

WHO WOULD I HAVE HELPED IF I'D THOUGHT ABOUT IT FIRST?

SAVE IT, MISTER!

AND REALLY THAT'S THE WORST PART...

I JUST DON'T KNOW.

I'M GOING TO CALL THE POLICE!

I ASSUME YOU'LL BE HERE WHEN THEY ARRIVE!

I DON'T KNOW WHO I'D HAVE HELPED.

THE END.



COLDBLOOD

IN
ESCAPE FROM
NEW YORK!

**BLACK
PANTHER**

VS
EVERYBODY!

**CAPTAIN
AMERICA**

AND THE THIN MAN
VS
AGENT AXIS!